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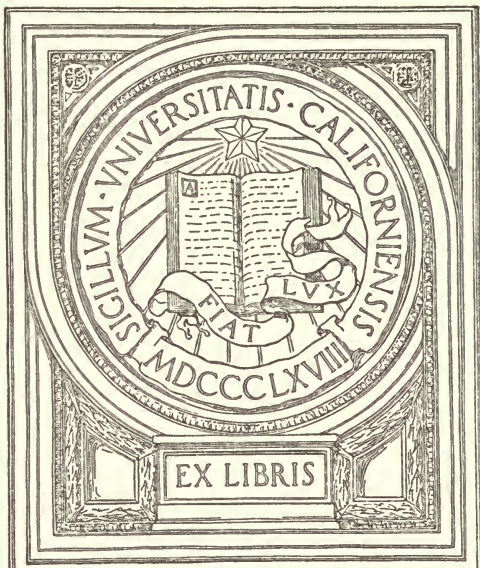
Life and Services

OF

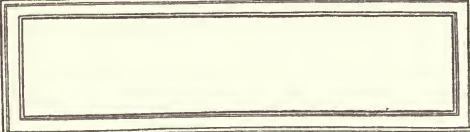
EDWARD EVERETT.

AN ADDRESS

BY RICHARD H. DANA, JR.



EX LIBRIS



AN ADDRESS

UPON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF

EDWARD EVERETT;

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES AND CITIZENS

OF CAMBRIDGE,

FEBRUARY 22, 1865.

BY RICHARD H. DANA, JR:

CAMBRIDGE:

SEVER AND FRANCIS.

1865.

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Cambridge Press.
DARIN AND METCALF.

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CITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Feb. 23, 1865.

HON. RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

DEAR SIR: Permit me, in behalf of the City Council of Cambridge, and in accordance with the concurrent vote of both branches, a copy of which is herewith enclosed, to tender to you our thanks for the interesting and eloquent address upon the life and services of Edward Everett, delivered on the 22d inst., and to ask of you a copy of the address for publication.

Yours, respectfully,

J. WARREN MERRILL,

Mayor.

MARCH 7, 1865.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, with the vote of the City Council, expressing their thanks for the address it was my privilege to deliver before them on the 22d ult., and requesting a copy for the press.

I have reduced the address to writing, and am happy to submit the manuscript to their disposal.

Believe me,

Very respectfully yours,

RICH^d H. DANA, JR.

His Honor,

J. W. MERRILL, *Mayor.*

City of Cambridge.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, March 22, 1865.

Ordered, That there be printed, under the direction of the Joint Standing Committee on Printing, for the use of the City Council, one thousand copies of the Address delivered by Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., before the City Government, on the 22d February last, in commemoration of the Life and Services of EDWARD EVERETT.

Adopted, and sent up for concurrence.

ATTEST,

JOS. G. HOLT, *Clerk.*

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, March 22, 1865.

Concurred.

ATTEST,

JUSTIN A. JACOBS, *City Clerk.*

A D D R E S S .

A D D R E S S .

MR. MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY COUNCIL, —

When we were all seeking for some phrase to express our sense of the worth and dignity of the man who has been taken from us, some one, I know not who, had the felicity to speak of him as the First Citizen of the Republic. I believe the fitness of this appellation has been recognized by the community; and when Mr. Seward, at the seat of government, by order of the President, announced to the whole country the death of EDWARD EVERETT, and requested that all honor should be paid to his memory wherever, at home or abroad, the national authority was recognized, all the people said Amen!

He belonged, indeed, to the whole country. Science had a claim upon him. In his youth, Poetry marked him for her own. The Fine Arts, in all their forms, recognized in him a devoted student. Public Law, international and constitutional, acknowledged him one of her best interpreters. And, the civilized world over, whatever the differences of

language or the laws of naturalization, he was one of the foremost citizens of the Universal Republic of Letters.

And yet, Mr. Mayor, you advanced no more than a just claim when you recommended to your brethren of the City Council that Cambridge should assert her privilege of expressing, on this day, by civic and military honors and public speech, the sentiment of the community.

Mr. Everett was born in a neighboring town, passed his boyhood in the adjoining city, and at the age of thirteen came to Cambridge to enter our University. His whole academic life was spent here. In the old meeting-house, now no more, scarce a bow-shot from where we stand, he made his first public appearance, in his graduating oration, at the head of his class. When pastor of the Church in Brattle Street, he was still within the sound of the college bells; and, after his sojourn in Europe, it was to Cambridge that he returned, as his home. It was from Cambridge that he sent forth that influence which drew all New England scholars to a more earnest study of classical literature and art. It was upon the platform of that old meeting-house, again, that in 1824, in his Phi Beta Kappa oration, he made an era in our literature, and gained the first great success for purely literary demonstrative oratory. For ten years he represented our district in Congress, always supported by the vote of Cambridge. After varied experiences of public life, he returned to us again, to become the President of our University. Resigning

that office, he still remained among us, performing, with his usual fidelity, all the duties, even the least conspicuous, of a private citizen. His published works show no less than four addresses made at exhibitions of our High School. He gave you the design of your city seal and its motto, expressing, as it always seemed to me, as well his own achievement as the history of the town: "LITERIS ANTIQUIS, NOVIS INSTITUTIS, DECORA." He was a landholder among us. The street that bears his name ran through his own acres. On the spot where the old meeting-house stood,—dear no doubt to him,—he planted a grove of oaks and maples, and afterwards told the alumni that for that, if for nothing else, he hoped to be kindly remembered by posterity. He loved our University. He took pride in its antiquity, its honors, and its wealth; but he took more pride in remembering that our ancestors founded Harvard College, not at their leisure, and out of their abundance, but endowed it with pecks of hard-raised wheat, and founded it while they were yet living in log huts, with the Indian lurking in the swamp, and the wolf prowling about the door. He loved to remember that college-bred men founded the institutions of Massachusetts; that college-bred men—Harvard College men—argued the cause of liberty in Massachusetts against the lawyers of Westminster Hall and the politicians of St. Stephen's Chapel; that John Adams and Samuel Adams, John Hancock, James Otis, Josiah Quincy, and Joseph Warren, were Harvard College men.

And when the hour came to him that must come to all, over the familiar bridge, along the well-known way he came,—not, as fifty-seven years before, to enter the portals of the University, in the bloom of youth and hope, to pluck the bright fruits of the tree of knowledge,—but borne by a sorrowing multitude, past the portals of the University, past its honored halls, seeing not, hearing not, the tolling bells, the uncovered heads, to our own Mount Auburn. And we are the guardians of all of him that could die.

One evening, in the delightful circle that gathered about President Kirkland, upon a friendly challenge, he wrote his Dirge of Alaric,—familiar, trite even, by the declamation of school-boys,—expressing the defiant wish of the savage, misanthropic Visigoth:—

“ When I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
 Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
 For I will die as I did live,
 Nor take the boon I cannot give.

“ Ye shall not raise a marble bust
 Upon the spot where I repose ;
 Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
 In hollow circumstance of woes,—
 Nor sculptured clay, nor lying breath
 Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

“ Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
 Your monuments upon my breast ;
 Nor yet, within the common soil,
 Lay down the wreck of power to rest,

ADDRESS.

Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was 'the scourge of God.'

“ But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there ;
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings ;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.”

It was no hypocritic tear that fell upon his coffin !
It was no homage vain that we paid at his bier !
We will raise the marble bust ! We will rear, with
no servile toil, but with the glad service of the
whole community, the monument upon his breast !
We have given him no secret burial beneath the
waters of a rushing, oblivious flood ; but we have
laid him within the common soil, in consecrated
earth ; and there the fixed, patient marble, blessed
in its consecration, shall point for ages to the spot
where lies, not the wreck of power, not the scourge
of God, but the benefactor of his race and age.

The day is auspicious. If there is a name which
may be fitly connected with the birthday of the
father of his country, it is the name of Edward
Everett !

This presence, too, is propitious. Magistrates, citi-
zens of renown, have come down to us from their
high places,—have come up, rather,—for he called
this our intellectual metropolis, the beautiful Mount
Zion of the mind.

All is propitious,—the place, the authority, the day, the presence. I alone need invoke consideration and excuse.

The history of Mr. Everett's life is too familiar to require or justify anything like biographical detail from me. He loved to remember and to say that, in respect of birth and education, he had nothing that was not common to all; that he owed to our common institutions all he was and all he ever should be. He was not, as some would falsely say, favored by fortune with high birth, great wealth, and shining social position, achieved for him by others. He was favored only—how could he possibly have been favored more?—in his mental and moral constitution, and in the blessing of an educated, intelligent, religious parentage. What better picture could be presented of the results of our institutions than a yeoman's son from New Hampshire studying law in an office in Boston, eking out the slender support of himself and his brother, by occasionally teaching under the low roof of the school-house in Cross Street, and, book in hand, Daniel Webster hearing the recitation of Edward Everett! Through life, Mr. Everett bore the faithful impress of these beginnings. Scholarly, sensitive, reserved, fastidious, he yet had no tendencies to the aristocratic. A reverent student of antiquity, a devotee of honored names and places, he yet had few answering chords to the imposing claims of high birth, long descent, the traditional *éclat* of generations, and the splendid results of primogeniture and entail. In individuals, as in communities,

he seemed to look for, to value, little else than intelligence, virtue, culture, and manners.

Schoolmates, classmates, the greater intimacy of room-mates, have borne testimony to the purity and high purpose of his youth, and to that radiant, hopeful beauty that gave him an easy power of fascination. But, not content with a success so easily obtained, he gave to everything labor as patient and systematic as the dullest faculties would have required, and thus plucked those fruits of knowledge and honor which seemed but to fall at his touch. There is a tradition of the elated, joyous sensation that pervaded the audience at his graduating oration, delivered at the age of seventeen, and at his poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the next year. At an age when most young men now enter college, he was called to the pulpit of Brattle Street, then the most exacting pulpit in Boston, to be the successor of Buckminster; and surely, it should be enough for me to say that, while yet in his minority, the received opinion was that, in point of pulpit eloquence, he had equalled his predecessor.

It was not only as a pulpit orator that he became celebrated. Mr. George Bethune English, a man not without parts and acquirements, had published a pamphlet attacking the claims of Christianity as a divine revelation. The work was having too much influence, which some attempts at answering it had not diminished, when Mr. Everett brought to bear upon it the force of his scholarship, logic, eloquence, and wit. He not only refuted the arguments of

Mr. English, but so destroyed his credit as a scholar and an honest controversialist, that he sent the pamphlet down to oblivion with such an acceleration of force as to carry along the refutation with it; and now after just half a century of penal service in the land of forgetfulness, it has been dragged back, to add to the funeral honors of its censor, an unwilling witness to the justness and completeness of its condemnation.

At this time there was no separate professorship of Greek at Harvard, and it was the earnest desire of President Kirkland that one should be established. At his suggestion, such a professorship was founded by a liberal citizen of Boston, Mr. Eliot. There was no person thought to be fully qualified, and it was understood that whoever was appointed to the post should pass several years of preparatory study in Europe. It was without difficulty that the choice fell upon Mr. Everett, and he sailed in the early spring of 1815, and spent nearly five years there.

This I regard as the decisive period of his life. Will you, therefore, go back with me, and, shutting your eyes to the present, forgetting all that fifty years have done for our country, consider what it was that he left, and to what he went?

The entire free white population of the country did not exceed six millions. Our claims to high civilization were put forth uncertainly at home, and hardly regarded abroad. Extreme doctrines of State rights had so prevailed that we hardly knew whether we had a central government. The first spade had not

been struck in the Erie Canal. Not a house stood upon the wastes where are now the cities of Lowell and Lawrence; and the Merrimack and the Connecticut ran their whole course unobstructed to the sea. It was seven years afterward that the first manufacturing corporation on the Merrimack was organized.

Antiquity of our race on this continent, there was none. Time had not, as now, gathered about our early history its gray hues and venerable forms. Names now classic were familiar and recent. The sages of the revolutionary period had not shuffled off the mortal coil of party connection and prejudice. Of later men, Webster's name was not known across the Atlantic; and Wheaton, Kent, and Story had not written one of the works which have made them authority in both hemispheres. In history, Prescott had graduated that year, Bancroft and Palfrey were in college, Hildreth was at school, and Motley an infant in his cradle. Universities, except in name, we had none. No college had a scientific school in connection with it, nor a law school in successful operation. There were no museums of Zoölogy or Anatomy, few and poor cabinets of Geology and Mineralogy, and not an observatory nor a sidereal telescope. We had no public library as large or as rich as the private library of Lord Spencer at his country-seat at Althorpe. In the fine arts, West and Copley, always British subjects, were domiciled in London, and Allston, still young, was studying and travelling in Europe. We had no galleries of pictures or statues. I doubt if there was even a professed original of the

great masters in the land, and we had produced no native sculptor.

In architecture, our Capitol and other public buildings at Washington were smoking ruins; and, except a few State Houses, we had scarcely a secular building with any pretensions to architectural effect; while religious architecture had hardly begun its exodus from the clapboarded and shingled barns of our ancestors. In music, we had some marches and popular songs; but the opera and prima donna from Europe had not visited us; and, except some modest attempts at the great oratorios in Boston, religious music had hardly dared even to plan its escape from the prison-house of Puritan restraints. Monuments, we had none,—neither at Concord, nor at Lexington, nor on Bunker Hill. In poetry, there had been patriotic effusions, but their merits were rather moral than artistic. The *Thanatopsis* had not been written, nor one of those poems which have given to their authors the name and fame of American poets. Irving had not written his *Sketch-Book*, nor Cooper one of his novels; and it was five years after Mr. Everett sailed for Europe that the most liberal of British essayists, in the most liberal of British journals, put the famous question, “Who, in the four quarters of the globe, reads an American book?”

Such was the country which he left,—he, the scholar, the poet, the devout student of antiquity, the lover of the fine arts, the appreciator of science, the delighted sojourner in libraries and galleries, the reverent visitor of consecrated spots,—and for what?

He went to trace a civilization of twenty-five hundred years,—an antiquity counting by tens of centuries as we count by years; to muse among the fallen columns, the broken arches, the ruined walls of a civilization of exquisite beauty; to follow the faint traces of the site of Troy; to wander through the pass of Thermopylæ, and over the fields of Marathon and Plataea. He went to visit not only the Rome of Cicero and Virgil and the Cæsars, but the Rome of to-day, the Eternal City, the seat of the more wonderful ecclesiastical power. He went, not only to explore the traces of the past, but to meet the splendid civilization of actual Europe; to note the tread of armies and the sweep of navies; to see Europe bristling with bayonets from Gibraltar to the North Sea; to confront the dazzling military fame of Napoleon; to see statesmen assembling at Vienna and Paris to lay out the boundaries of empires, to make gifts of crowns and sceptres, and to settle the public law of Europe; and to meet princes and nobles, heads of families of an antiquity running back to a mythical origin, whose ancestors for generations had commanded armies and navies, led senates and cabinets, and not only affected the destinies of empires, but changed the face of nature itself. The peculiar child of academic education, he went to visit universities where were gathered the teachers and the taught of a continent; and to find, at Oxford, a university so ancient that one of its colleges, called, *par excellence*, the New College, was founded a hundred years

before Columbus discovered America. The student of books, he went to examine libraries where had been gathered not only all there was of literature in printed volumes, but illuminated manuscripts and parchments older than the revival of letters. The lover of art, he went not only to explore the beautiful remains of classic art in all its orders, but to view the castles and towers of the feudal ages, and magnificent Gothic structures on so vast a scale that through the great windows of one of them might have been pushed, one after the other, all the buildings of his Alma Mater, their cellars and chimneys with them. He went to observe historic spots in all parts of the continent, marked by fit monuments, and the great squares of cities embellished by the statues of heroes, sages, saints, and kings; to visit galleries where were collected the paintings of the schools of every age and nation; and to find, hidden among the untrodden ways on the roof of the Cathedral at Milan, more marble statuary than he could have found, in his own country, from Maine to the Mississippi. The appreciator of science, there lay before him not only the homes and working-places of Galileo, Copernicus, Leibnitz, Kepler, and Newton, but he was to find living and honored Humboldt, Cuvier, and Davy. The orator and student of history and public law, he went not only to stand where Demosthenes and Æschines had contended and St. Paul had preached, where Cicero and Hortensius had spoken, but in the land of his mother tongue, to enter halls about whose arches he might fancy yet

lingered tones of Chatham, Burke, Fox, and the younger Pitt. He went to hear the rising eloquence of Canning; to see Castlereagh return from representing triumphant England at Vienna, assigning to kings and empires their limits and their laws, and adjusting the balance of power for Europe; and to meet, in the familiarity of private intercourse, Romilly, Mackintosh, and Hallam. A poet, he was not only to wander among scenes ennobled by the verse of Homer and of the bright company of later Grecian poets,—to visit the tomb of Virgil and the villa of Horace; not only to follow the later traces of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Tasso, and the still greener memory of Schiller, and in the home of his forefathers the footsteps of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope; but to sojourn in lands illumined by the living genius of Goethe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, and Moore; to talk with Byron in his library, and to be the guest of Scott at Abbotsford.

I pass over his studiousness at Göttingen, where Mr. Ticknor tells us that, on one occasion, Mr. Everett, desiring to send to President Kirkland a statement of the system of the German Universities, and wishing to get it off by a certain mail, gave to it, without sleep or rest, thirty-five consecutive hours. I pass by his instructive travels, his days spent in useful observation and in the society of the learned and the eminent, and his nights intensely studious,—remarking only that he, if any one, had a right to say to the young men of his country that the busiest

have time enough for much additional labor, if their passions and indolence would suffer them, and that a man's future depended much upon his choice of pleasures, and the way in which he spent his leisure hours;—I pass by all this, to ask—with what convictions and purposes did he return to his native land?

We will await the answer until he gives it himself. Returning to Cambridge, he delivered his courses of lectures, for nearly six years, upon Greek and incidentally upon Roman literature and art, which gave an impulse to those studies, and threw over them an attraction which, short as was his term of office, must have quite repaid the care of President Kirkland and the liberality of Mr. Eliot. He was still a preacher, and his first sermon, after his return, was preached at Brattle Street. The present pastor of that society will tell you, that, then a boy at school, by dint of going very early to the church, and crowding persistently through the passages, he succeeded in getting a standing-place in a window-seat, where, looking between the shoulders of two men, he caught his first view, in the pulpit, of Edward Everett, and received his first impression of what was meant by the word Eloquence. Mr. Everett preached on several occasions, and one sermon, especially remembered, from the text, "The time is short." There are men who can tell you now what words, what tones, sent a thrill through the audience; and more sensitive women who will confess to you, perhaps,—they might if they would,—

at what word, what tone it was that, having held bravely out till then, they gave way to tears.

In 1824, he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration; and in that it is that I discover the convictions and purposes with which he returned to his native land. I find in that the key-note to his subsequent life.

I pass over the dramatic character of the scene,—the presence of heroes and sages of the Revolution, and of Lafayette himself,—which have made it one of our historic epochs. I cannot attempt to describe to you—they only who saw it can probably appreciate it—the thrilling effect of his allusion to Lafayette. He described the young hero, ready to cast aside rank, wealth, honors, home, all for our distant and desperate struggle, offering to our commissioners at Paris the service of himself and friends, and asking only transportation to America; and our country so poor in money and in credit that our commissioners were obliged to say that they could not provide him a vessel. “Then,” cried the youthful hero, “I will provide my own!” There was something in the presence of that hero himself, in the magnetism of the orator, that caused a scene which can be described by scarce any other word than *tumult*. It was many minutes before order was restored. Old men sprang to their feet, shook one another’s hands, and shed tears, as if they had that moment heard that Lafayette was coming to their aid in the most desperate state of their fortunes. And Lafayette himself, never perfect in

our language, not detecting the application, was among the most active in the applause.

I may, however, pause to say that Mr. Everett on that day founded the school of literary, demonstrative oratory in America. I limit my meaning by those words: *literary*, as distinguished from theological, political, scientific, or jurisprudential; *demonstrative*, as not looking to any action on the part of the persons addressed, to any immediate result of vote, verdict, or judgment, but resting in general impressions; *oratory*, as distinguished from reading or simple recitation, and giving scope to all the arts and powers of elocution. This school has had many disciples and some masters; but Mr. Everett was its founder, and, to the last, acknowledged as its great master. I have spoken of this school in America. In Europe it does not exist. It went out with the decline of liberty in Greece and Rome. They have, on the continent of Europe everywhere, the eloquence of the pulpit; in some parts, proportionately to popular liberty, the eloquence of the forum; and in England, but scarcely upon the continent, the eloquence of the senate. They have learned lectures on many subjects, read, mostly sitting, from the chairs of universities and societies; but Europe has not, even in England, as a general effective popular practice, literary demonstrative oratory, nor has it been known in Europe for two thousand years.

I pass by all this to answer, at last, the question, with what purposes and convictions did Mr. Everett enter upon his public life?

He had not been dazzled by the splendid spectacles of military power in Europe. In standing armies, he saw only a modern contrivance, not two hundred years old, for binding despotisms upon disarmed and disfranchised peoples. He looked with less dismay upon the turbulence of ancient democracies, and upon the rude independence of the feudal ages. Admitting the dangers and horrors of mobs, he yet cried, "But, oh! the disciplined, the paid, the honored mob, not moving in rags and starvation, to some act of blood or plunder, but marching, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, to lay waste some feebler State, or cantoned at home among an overawed and broken-spirited people!"

All his observation and study had brought him to the conviction that the general diffusion of intelligence, and the greatest moral and intellectual development of human nature were possible only where popular liberty existed, and popular systems of self-government. He not only contended that this must be so, because, under such systems, artificial inequalities being removed and an opportunity being given to all, men were working in harmony with the natural law by which intellect itself is distributed, which he called "a sterner leveller than ever marched in the van of a revolution;" but he deduced it from the facts of history. He contended that although the natural and exact sciences and certain forms of arts and learning might flourish under imperial patronage, yet, not only was knowledge the

most generally diffused among all, but the greatest heights attained by the few, where popular liberty existed, and in proportion as it existed. He reminded his audience of scholars, that Constantine, controlling half the world by his arms, was obliged to tear down an arch of Trajan to find sculpture for his own. He had not mused as a sentimentalist, nor groped like an antiquarian or a pedant, among the ruins of Greece and Rome; but, as a patriot and a thinker, he had gathered from them wisdom for his own age and people. He saw that the Greek republics were democracies undertaking to administer government in person, without a system of representation or agency,—never, in fact, getting beyond the town-meeting in Faneuil Hall, and necessarily confined within the walls of a single city. Their colonies and dependencies they governed with absolute power, never extending to them community in government. They skirted the shores of the Mediterranean, penetrating but little into the interior; and so narrow were the limits of their civilization, that he tells us, in one of his picturesque sentences, that the mountain-tops of Thrace, the proverbial home of barbarism, could be seen from the porch of the temple of Minerva at Sunium. These republics, with all their civil splendor and military prowess, went down, one after another, before the imperial power of Philip and afterward of the Romans, because they could not or would not make the sacrifices necessary to form a central State,—to do what our ancestors did in 1788, form a more perfect union “to provide for

the common defence and promote the general welfare." He saw that the Roman republic was an intensely centralized State, holding all its colonies and provinces under absolute military government, Rome alone being a metropolis, and everything else provincial, if not barbarous. This centralization of power made the struggle for its possession intense and deadly, and the influx of wealth and luxury to the one centre brought effeminacy and corruption, until Rome herself yielded to barbarian invaders.

From these pictures, he turned to our own continent and our system, at once centralized and distributed; where nothing is provincial and nothing metropolitan; founded in democracy, but administered by a conservative system of representation and agency; centralized sufficiently for defence from foreign aggression, for the creation of a national sentiment, and to preserve the peace and rights of the States, yet distributed enough for the general diffusion of political education and dignities. By the feature of a single executive head, we secured some of the advantages of monarchy; by courts, senates, and cabinets of selected men, some of the benefits of aristocracy; while, by the distribution of powers among coördinate and competing departments, and by written constitutions to which were secured the force and sanctions of law, and by frequent elections, we seemed to protect ourselves adequately against usurpation. He looked to the national government not only to preserve our unity and to protect us from abroad, but as the only means of securing the local

governments themselves, and of keeping the peace of a continent. But it was upon the local institutions of the State and the town that he depended for that general diffusion of knowledge and character which alone can elevate the whole human race. Each man a citizen, as far as possible owning the land on which he lived, called to sit upon the jury, would feel himself part of the magistracy of the land; bearing arms, he was part of its military power; and, intrusted with a vote, he was a portion of the political sovereignty. His functions, however slight in degree, were, in kind, sovereign. He trusted to these duties and responsibilities, with the education of the church and the school, to sober and elevate the public mind.

He answered the argument that letters and art needed princely or metropolitan patronage. He not only exposed the partial and limited operation of such patronage, from well-known instances and from the nature of the case, but declared that the best patronage was opportunity and stimulus; and where could such opportunities and stimulus be found as would be furnished by the needs, the tastes, and the pride of vast educated communities? Has not this proved true? I ask you, Mr. Agassiz, whether, in your science, as far removed as possible from the passions and interests of the hour, the demands of an intelligent community are not a better patronage, not only because a hundred thousand dollars from a hundred givers has more of promise and encouragement than a hundred thousand dollars from one giver; but whether, measured by dollars and cents,

it is not richer than the patronage of kings and princes? And he answered the argument, that popular systems, if they created more activity, gave it an undue direction to politics. He showed, that under monarchies and aristocracies, it was only the service of the state, in peace or war, that was considered worthy of the noble; while, in republics, letters, arts, science, commerce, and teaching were dignified in all.

He was not satisfied with the prospect of a low level of mediocrity. He knew that, as in visible nature inequalities are essential to beauty and to health, so, in every state and society, there must be kings and nobles; but he hoped that under our system, artificial inequalities being removed and a chance given to all, we should find — not always, for he was no dreamer; nor perhaps generally, but more often than under any other system — that the sceptre would pass to the hand of the natural king, the coronet on the head of the natural noble, as we place the wreath on the brow of the real poet and the gown on the shoulders of the veritable scholar.

But there was one view of the future of our country which seemed to possess and animate him more than any other. One of the greatest mysteries of our nature is that process by which we make with the tongue vibrations on the air, which, striking upon the ear, convey to others our thought, wish, or emotion; or, by the cunning of the hand, form strange black marks on paper, by which souls

interchange ideas. Yet it somehow happens — and that is no less a mystery — that, by a strange law of their being, men will make different sounds and different marks, totally unintelligible to each other; and so it is that men, charged to the full with thought and emotion, are totally unable to communicate intelligently. Mr. Everett had not only seen in libraries and on monuments these laborious attempts at expression unintelligible to the greater part of the human race, and sometimes to all the living; but in Europe, he had found that a river interposed, or a chain of hills, left millions of men, intelligent and cultivated, without the power of intercommunication: orators, statesmen, poets, preachers, charged with the interests of the world, standing deaf and dumb in the presence of each other! He saw how this not only restricted personal communication, but limited the power of the press in permanent as well as current literature, discouraged effort and shut out wisdom.

He turned toward his own country, and saw a vast empire filling up with a people speaking a common language and possessing a common literature. He presented his statistics to show that the ten millions of that day would become thirty, fifty, an hundred, — and why not, like the Chinese Empire, three hundred millions? He declared then, as, when Secretary of State, he said to Lord John Russel, in 1853, that he saw no necessary limits to our republic, but the geographical limits of the continent. His soul swelled at the thought of such a world of

human beings, all able to understand one another. What a stimulus to the press in periodical and permanent literature! What fields for the orator of the pulpit, the forum, the senate, and the platform! What inspiration to the poet, the philosopher, the man of science! What a benefit to each one of these receiving millions, from the higher character of the supply so vast a demand would create!

Was this a baseless vision? We have risen to thirty millions, covering the continent; and there is less of provincialism or dialect in the whole land than within the sound of Bow Bells, or within any one of the counties of England. May this not continue with our increase? There are certain conditions. The language must be anchored to a common alphabet and 'a common and substantially unchanging mode of spelling. It is moored to the English Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, Shakespeare, Milton, and John Bunyan, and that company of later writers, in prose and verse, whose language is the vernacular of our race.

A common national government; a common written constitution, which all must understand; the periodical election of a President, upon principles to be canvassed through the land, with a voter at every hearth-stone; a common legislature, debating in a common tongue, its members chosen from every district; the rapid and general circulation of a daily press; and, above all, the instant communication by telegraph to every part of the land of things which it is the interest of all to hear at

once: these all keep the pool so troubled as to give no chance for dialects and provincialisms to form upon the surface. What more affecting proof of this, than when Mr. Seward, the other Sunday afternoon, announced, in a few hours, in words understood by all, to the millions of the land,—the merchants and the manufacturers of the seaboard, the farmers of the interior, and the miners among the mountains,—the death of Edward Everett!

A scholar, a Greek professor, so far from lamenting the good old times when a few scholars could alone understand one another over Europe in a dead language, he held up to the admiration of an assembly of scholars the vision of a vernacular for a continent. He boldly attacked the saying of Bacon, that Luther prevailed because he awaked all antiquity, and declared that Luther prevailed because he awaked the native tongue of Germany, because he spoke to the land in the speech of the fireside and the street; and that if he had battled only in Latin, he would have been answered in better Latin from the Vatican, and the people would have seen in it only a contest between angry priests.

We can see now why he thought the discovery of this continent by Columbus in the fulness of time, and held back by Providence until that time, the greatest event, not supernatural, in the history of man. We see how he valued the settlement of this country by such men as did settle it,—men trained to hardship, self-command, and serious thought. Puritans, persecuted by church and state; churchmen and royalists,

banished by the Puritan Commonwealth; Huguenots, persecuted by Catholic France; Catholics, persecuted by Protestant England; Germans, exiled by the wars of Louis XIV., and Quakers, persecuted by all, settled the various parts of our country. He looked upon our system as the great experiment, on a vast field prepared for it by the providence of God, for the moral and intellectual development of the human race, by the agency of individual liberty and popular, responsible systems of self-government. As he approached his native land, he saw a bright bow of promise spanning the western continent. He felt that his mission was not to preach in the pulpit of Brattle Street, nor in any other pulpit; but, conscious of powers of speech, assured of them by the public testimony, he determined to enter upon a public career of national life, and to devote all he was and had acquired, to securing the successful issue of this vast experiment. I doubt not that he was ambitious. But he sought opportunities, and not office. He asked but a hearing, and no other rewards than that approbation, which I admit was dear to him, and fame, to which he had too much of genius to be indifferent.

He knew we held our treasure in earthen vessels. He was no Utopian or sentimentalist. He had read and seen too much of the passions and weaknesses of men, not to know that our great experiment might fail. He knew that the organization of millions into a State, permanent and beneficent, was a result for human nature rarely obtained,

dearly bought, precariously held, and, if lost, hardly regained.

Those who knew him slightly may have thought that he gave undue prominence to the subjects of his classical studies. Since his death, I have read the greater part of his published writings, and can truly say that I doubt if ever so good a scholar wrote and spoke so much, saying so little of the Greeks and Romans. He always declared that their civilization had one fatal defect, the lack of spiritual vitality. He reminded the scholars of the Phi Beta Kappa that the hero of Thermopylæ would not have hesitated to tear his only child from the bosom of its mother, if it happened to be a sickly babe, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus; that the heroes of Marathon unchained their slaves from the door-posts of their masters to go out and fight the battles of freedom. Painting the possibility of our failure in this grand trust, and its direful consequences to human nature, he exclaimed, "Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully."

He saw the necessity of exciting feelings of pride and respect for our common ancestry,—of elevating the whole work of this nation, past, present, and to come, to the highest plane of dignity. True to his mission, our horizon was lighted up by unwonted fires at Concord, Lexington, Charlestown, and Plymouth. The names and places were not then classical. The actors in the Revolution were living,

with the familiar, sometimes the disagreeable, even the ludicrous, sides of their characters open to view. The road to Lexington was but a dusty highway leading by Whittemore's Tavern, toiled over by country wagons, and herds of sheep and oxen driven to the shambles at Brighton; but to his eye of faith, to his vivid imagination, Lexington and Concord, Plymouth and Bunker Hill, were more truly worthy of consecration than Thermopylæ or Plataea, Marathon or the Eurymedon. With rare rhetorical courage, he encountered the plebeian surnames, and those uncouth Hebrew first names revived to be misapplied and mispronounced after four thousand years. In the height of a dramatic description of the spread of the alarm of the British march to Lexington, he did not fear to name the borrowing of Deacon Larkin's horse; and captivity among the Indians was no less dignified to him because it was the captivity of Mrs. Jemima Howe and Mr. Pilkial Grout! He had heard a voice saying to him,—What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common! What to him were the childish fables that hang over the origin of Greek and Roman cities, compared with the time when Massachusetts consisted of six huts at Salem, and one hut at Charlestown? The covered wagon, marked "To Marietta, Ohio," carrying the first westward emigration from Massachusetts, with its stock of household utensils, was more classic to him than a pantheon of Greek and Roman Lares, Penates, and Termini. Our civilization was not to present the picturesque effects of castles, palaces, and towers, and the imposing

material results of great inequalities of condition, but a land dotted over with churches, colleges, school-houses, town-halls, lecture-rooms, museums, observatories, galleries, hospitals, and asylums. "A sterile hill-side in New England, with a well-kept village school at its foot," was not only a promise of more true wealth to a people, but of more in dollars and cents, than the "lucrative desolation of the sugar islands."

His published volumes show addresses delivered at our historical anniversaries, on the 19th of April, at Lexington, two; at Concord, two; on the 22d of February, two; on the 17th of June, four; on the 22d of December, four; on the 4th of July, eight; and at the anniversaries of the settlements of Springfield, Barnstable, Dedham, and Dorchester, and of John Winthrop's landing at Charlestown; and upon the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, Lafayette, John Quincy Adams, and Webster; and at the inauguration of monuments to Franklin, Warren, and John Harvard.

Doubtless, as he always acknowledged, he owed New England much; but New England owes to him, more than to any other man, the artistic consecration of her historic names and epochs. "If," said he, "my voice is hushed on these themes, may it never be listened to on any other."

Not hushed on these themes, it was heard on many others. Science, art, literature, charities, all shared the benefits of his eloquence. In the autumn of 1857, when, by reason of commercial distress, a hard winter was anticipated for the poor,

he delivered an address before the Boston Provident Society, which you will remember by that beautiful description of the scenery from the hill of Fourvières, behind Lyons, which lies in the memory like a landscape of Claude; and by the contrast he drew between the partial, unsystematic, individual almsgiving of Southern Europe, which has made mendicancy a profession, and the impartial, systematized, universal operation of popular, charitable societies. This discourse he delivered during the winter in the principal cities of the land,—at Richmond, at Charleston, and St. Louis,—in all, at fifteen places, obtaining, by the sale of tickets of admission, nearly \$15,000 for the benefit of the poor of the respective cities.

His most exquisitely finished address upon scientific subjects is that at the opening of the Dudley Observatory at Albany. I had a personal experience in connection with that discourse, which invests it, for me, with a peculiar interest. In the year 1860, it was my fortune to cross the Pacific Ocean, a passenger in an American merchantman. The unspeakable beauty of the nights, while running down the trade-winds in the Pacific tropics, kept me much on deck. The companion of my walk was often the chief mate. He was a man of very imperfect education, but with considerable natural capacity. His duties as a navigator, and the constant presence of the “brave o’erhanging firmament, the majestical roof fretted with golden fires,” naturally led us to the topic of astronomy.

He asked me if I had ever read a speech at the opening of an observatory at Albany, by Edward Everett, who he believed lived in my part of the Union. He was not a little impressed when I told him that I had not only read the address, but knew Mr. Everett himself. He said that he happened to find it in the cabin of a ship, and had read it again and again. With an inadequate vocabulary and stammering speech, he tried to explain to me the thoughts and emotions this address had awakened within him; and he did make me feel, better than eloquence could have done, that upon the hard, low course of his life there had opened a vision of celestial light; that he had been made to feel something of the vastness of the universe, of infinity against space, and of eternity against time; that he had been elevated by the sense of being able to entertain such thoughts, proving to him the grandeur and immortality of his nature. I regret that I never remembered to mention this to Mr. Everett. I am sure he would have valued it as not the least of his many satisfactions.

Among other subjects, Mr. Everett delivered discourses upon the colonization of Africa, education in the West, the importance of science to working men, prison discipline, spoke frequently before agricultural societies upon moral and intellectual topics relating to agriculture,—one being upon the treatment of animals,—and at the anniversaries of most of our colleges, and of many literary societies; and, as a mere incident, which would have been labor

enough for some men, he was, for many years, the editor of the *North American Review*, and always one of its contributors.

The subject of the militia engaged his earnest attention. Although he truly said he loved not war nor any of its works, he knew that wars were sometimes inevitable and just. He could understand the position of the Quaker, who disallows all use of force, and would disband the militia, abolish West Point and Annapolis, and prohibit the bearing of arms or the manufacture of munitions of war, and strive to make the duty of a soldier morally odious; but he could not understand how persons admitting that war might ever be just or inevitable, could hold up to ridicule or to moral aversion the duty of a citizen soldier in a republic. Knowing that war is a science and a progressive science, he advocated a liberal support of the Military Academy, with a small army, to furnish educated officers and the nucleus for volunteer and militia organizations in times of war; but it was to the militia, the arms-bearing citizens, that he looked for that force which, in times of exigency, should be a defence against our enemies, without being dangerous to our institutions; and one of the reasons he gave for a general education was that arms were safest in the hands of educated and responsible men. In his discourse upon our French and Indian War, "the school of the Revolution," he said that, without a standing army, the people of Massachusetts had been one of the most martial people on

earth; that every fifth man had been in service; that a larger proportion of the able-bodied men of Massachusetts had been mustered into military service, during the seven years of that war, than Napoleon led into the field from the French people in the height of his power; and that the lines on Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights were drawn and our militia organized and commanded by men who had served with British regulars against French regulars on the frontiers, in Canada, at Louisburg, and in the West Indies. If the militia should not be sustained with credit, he thought we exposed ourselves to violence at home and abroad, or incurred the peril of standing armies.

Mr. Everett was in Congress, as a member of the House of Representatives, for ten years, from 1825 to 1835. It has commonly been thought that he owed his passage to public life to the success of his orations on patriotic subjects; but he was elected before they were delivered, and his nomination was determined upon about the time of his Phi Beta Kappa discourse. Attention was drawn to him, as having talents for public life, principally by his appearance before the Board of Overseers of the University, in the spring of 1824. The Board of Overseers was at that time probably the most august assembly in New England. He appeared to represent the cause of the Faculty, or local government, in their claims to the fellowships of the corporation. He was opposed by powerful interests in Boston and Salem, but bore himself with such firmness, dignity, and

courtesy, and showed such presence of mind as well as power of speech in debate, as to draw to him the attention of leading public men and prepare the way for his nomination to Congress, which was perhaps secured by the success of his Phi Beta Kappa address.

In Congress, he sustained his reputation as an orator, but did not establish a reputation as a debater. Whether he could have succeeded, in any assembly, in the conflicts of extemporaneous speech, I do not undertake to say; but the House of Representatives, impaired in its character by an influx of a kind of ruffianism which came in from the South and Southwest, was not as favorable a field for his peculiar qualities, certainly, as the Board of Overseers. He left, however, the reputation of a learned, hard-working, faithful publicist and legislator. Always upon the Committee on Foreign Relations, he was the author of its celebrated report on the Panama Mission, the leading topic of the day; and distinguished himself as an advocate of Greek independence. He took an active part in the Georgia controversy, always and earnestly supporting the unpopular and losing cause of the Cherokee Indians, whom not even the decree of the Supreme Court, which the President did not attempt to execute, could protect against the rapacity of Georgia. He served upon the Committee on the Library and Public Buildings, of which, it may be well supposed, he was a most useful member.

From Congress, he passed to the chair of the

chief magistracy of Massachusetts. He held the office of Governor for four years, during which were begun and completed some of the most important acts of our State policy, for which we are largely indebted to his enlightened and earnest support. Among these, I may name the establishment of the Board of Education, of the system of Normal Schools, the agricultural and scientific Surveys of the State, the revision of our Statute Law, and the subscription of the State to the Western Railroad.

At the close of his last term, in 1840, he sailed for Europe, for the benefit of the health of a member of his family. While in the south of Italy, in 1841, he was appointed Minister at the Court of St. James, and repaired to London to find a larger accumulation of difficult and critical questions than has ever fallen upon one of our ministers, except it be the present. Every foot of the boundary line between us and the British provinces was in dispute, from the Bay of Fundy to the Lake of the Woods. The militia from Maine and New Brunswick were under arms, and the danger was increased and the questions complicated by the burning of the *Caroline* and the arrest and trial of McLeod. Lord Aberdeen, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had put forth a claim of a right to visit vessels of other nations suspected of being engaged in the slave-trade. Our fisheries in the Bay of Fundy were in dispute, the case of the *Creole* was pending, and there were delicate questions respecting Oregon and Texas. Such was the confidence of the administration in Mr. Everett, that he was left

to meet these questions without specific instructions. The graceful and friendly act of Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, in sending Lord Ashburton as Minister Extraordinary to Washington, removed the boundary question, and incidentally that of the right of visit, from Mr. Everett's cognizance; but all the questions that he dealt with he treated as a jurist, a scholar, and a thorough patriot.

In 1845, Mr. Everett returned from England, and was elected President of our University; and, on the spot where I now have the privilege to stand, he delivered that inaugural address, which should be the pride and study of American scholars. Those who heard it will not fail to recall with me his recitation of that passage from Cicero respecting *Natura sine Doctrinâ* and *Doctrina sine Naturâ*, in a style so admirable, that there was nothing left for a hearer but to exclaim,—Could Cicero have done it better? ✓✓

On this occasion, there was an occurrence which put suddenly to the severest test the equanimity and ready resources of Mr. Everett. The day and place were his and his only. The crowded assembly waited for his word. He rose, and advanced to the front of the platform, and was received with gratifying applause. As he was about to begin, the applause received a sudden and marked acceleration, and rose higher and higher into a tumult of cheers. Mr. Everett felt that something more than his welcome had caused this; and turning, he saw, just at that opening behind your seat, Mr. Mayor, the majestic presence of Daniel Webster! The reception of Mr. Webster had

additional force given to it from the fact that he had just returned from his conflict in Congress with Charles Jared Ingersoll, who had made an attack upon his character, and that this, his first appearance among us since, was altogether unexpected. I had heard Mr. Everett's readiness of resource called in question. I looked — all must have looked — to see how he would meet this embarrassment. He turned again to the audience, cast his eyes slowly round the assembly, with a look of the utmost gratification, seemed to gather their applause in his arms, and, turning about, to lay it ministerially at the feet of Mr. Webster, saying to him, as I remember, — I wish, sir, that I could at once assert the authority that has just been conferred upon me, and “*auctoritate mihi commissâ,*” declare to the audience, “*exspectatur oratio in linguâ vernaculâ, a Webster.*” But I suppose, sir, your convenience and the arrangements made by others render it expedient that I should speak myself, — at least at first.

You will agree with me that the exigency was as embarrassing as it was sudden. How could self-possession escape from it more gracefully!

As President, his success was equivocal. We have been told that at the time of his appointment he was thought eminently fitted for the post by the entire community, with but one exception, and that an important one, for it was himself. Deep as was his interest in the University and in academic life and learning, he knew the duties of the office, and doubted his fitness for their discharge. His ideal of

a student's purpose and achievement was high. He knew what he himself had felt and done, expected too much, and suffered too much from disappointment. I think, too, that he judged rightly in comparing his temperament with the duties which would fall to him. All, however, agree that his general plans for the University were far-seeing, liberal, and well laid, and many fruits have been reaped from them to this time. He was especially careful for the moral condition of the students, and was unwearied in his efforts to protect them against temptation, and to bring them under religious influence. He was the earnest advocate of encouraging the psychological studies, which he feared were being overborne by the natural and exact sciences: holding that moral truths were in their nature so superior, that the slightest of them were of more value than all facts or theories that begin and end in material objects and interests.

In 1852, Mr. Webster, with failing health and broken spirits, came home to Marshfield, turned his face to the wall, and died. A telegraphic despatch summoned Mr. Everett to Washington, to take charge of the Department of State. Mr. Webster's long illness had left an accumulation of business and some disorder in the department. Mr. Everett applied himself to his work with his habitual laboriousness and system, and established rules which have been found useful in the despatch of business. Within a few days after taking the portfolio, he prepared his answer to Lord John Russel, on the subject of a tripartite

alliance. Had he done nothing else, that letter would have established his reputation as a publicist, a scholar, and a thorough, uncompromising American.

The election of Mr. Pierce to the presidency, who had not Mr. Everett's support, ended his term of office on the 4th of March, 1853; and on that day he stepped from the Department of State to the Senate, to which he had been elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Hardly had he taken his seat, when the discussion arose on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which he was obliged to encounter Mr. Douglas, admitted by all to be one of the most formidable, and thought by many not the most scrupulous, of debaters. If one may judge by the reports in the Congressional Globe, Mr. Everett bore his part manfully and well. It was in this debate that, addressing Mr. Douglas, he made his celebrated plea for twenty-five more years of peace. He there gave the first signs of his apprehension that a spirit of military aggrandizement and conquest might possess the country, to its ruin. From the enlargement of our country by the peaceful operation of natural causes, he entertained no fears; but he did fear lest our simple, electoral, representative system might not stand the stress of military aggrandizement and conquest. He drew a picture of what this country might be after twenty-five years of peace,—the development of all its material wealth, its multiform industries, the spread of education and the advancement of knowledge, with the necessary military and naval science duly cultivated,—a people capable of bearing arms, a treasury

without debt or heavy taxation, and the devoted and reasoning attachment of the people to their government,—and declared, that if then a just war must be made, such a people would be invincible.

The next year, evil and in an evil hour, Mr. Douglas introduced his amendment to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Mr. Everett joined earnestly and eloquently in the resistance to that measure. He saw in it the political and territorial advance of slavery and the receding of freedom, and was filled with gloomy apprehensions of a conflict to come. On the test vote, upon the adoption of the amendment, Mr. Everett voted against it, with Mr. Seward, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Chase, and six others. So desirous was he to stand on the record against it on every occasion, that when the final vote was taken on the passage of the general bill, which was but a formal vote, he remained in the Senate, though in feeble health, suffering in body, until nearly four o'clock in the morning, and then retired for a little rest, upon an understanding, as he supposed, that the vote would not be taken that night. The next day he returned to find the bill passed, and asked leave to record his name against it, stating the circumstances of his absence. Mr. Clayton made a like request. It required unanimous consent. Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, made the ungracious objection, and the names were not entered. In May of that year, by advice of his physician, and unwilling to perform imperfectly the duties of such a post, he resigned his seat. With this ended his official public life.

But how can I close a notice of his public life without alluding to that test by which posterity will judge American statesmen of the last twenty years,—the question, with what wisdom, sagacity, self-command, and courage have they met the subject of slavery? Being of the number of those who disapprove, nay, who condemn, the course of concession and compromise to which Mr. Everett inclined,—and that, they knew full well who gave me public leave to speak of him,—I feel the more bound to render to Mr. Everett, on this point, the justice that I think his due. Believing always, and more firmly now than ever, that every concession made or offered to slavery, since the adoption of the Constitution, has but encouraged its arrogance, beckoned it on in its advance toward imperial powers, and emboldened it for the final conflict; believing that the only pacificator, if any were possible, was a thorough understanding, from the beginning, that no concessions could be expected; I can yet understand, I think, the state of mind of Mr. Everett. We ought not only to look at the subject from his point of view, as the phrase is, but from his interior state.

I have endeavored to impress you with the conviction which I feel myself, of the immense importance Mr. Everett attached to the preservation of our national system; to show you that he returned deeply impressed with this from Europe; that it was the result of all his studies and observations; that it was the theme of his first public discourse, and the inspiration with which he entered public life forty years ago. It

was not pride of empire, nor merely patriotism, but a solemn conviction that it was the one great experiment, in the fulness of time, and under the most favorable circumstances possible, for the widest and highest moral and intellectual development of human nature. To him, it was also the peacemaker and civilizer of the continent. He had no faith that the institutions of the States could be preserved, if the general government failed. He knew that it might fail. He knew it was an institution of men, to be managed by men; and he knew too much of the passions and weaknesses of human nature to be of the number of those who think that a vast people can make and unmake society and fundamental institutions, at their pleasure, without loss or peril. He had always had before him a vivid, some may think a morbid, but certainly an honest, impression of the direful consequences of failure. As long ago as 1835, at Amherst, he said, "If this great experiment of rational liberty shall here be permitted to fail, I know not when or where, among the sons of Adam, it will ever be resumed." In 1851, in New York, fourteen years ago this day, he declared "Secession is war,—must be war;" and of all wars, civil war, and of all places for civil war, in the republic of America! He said then, and it was always his belief, that if secession was attempted, the American people would have before them but this alternative,—disintegration or civil war. Secession, acquiesced in or yielded to, ended the power and authority of the general government; and that gone, he saw no security for the States

themselves. He had seen the Supreme Court settling the boundary line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island upon paper titles, as it would have determined the disputed boundaries of farms in a civil action; but, the central authority abolished, passions excited, vast interests at stake, he did not believe that a people who had overthrown or permitted to perish a Constitution given them by the wisdom of Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, would respect arbitrary, surveyor's lines run on parchment charters from dead Annes and Elizabeths. His temperament may have led him to see dangers more vividly than possible resources; but to him they were real. As the Israelite, wandering in the desert, to the ark of the covenant, as the Jew to Jerusalem, as the Mussulman to Mecca, so did he look to our Constitution and Union. He had always thought the danger imminent, as well as great. In 1856, he said, privately,—he did not think it wise to publish the opinion,—that that was probably the last Presidential election which would be acquiesced in. He did not make the mistake of underrating the power or the purpose of Southern society. He believed that if they entered on the course of secession, and the collision occurred, it was war,—war in its most vast proportions, and with all its hazards.

In making up a tribunal to pass judgment on the course of Mr. Everett, there are classes of persons who may well be subject to "challenge for cause." Those who did not value the Union as he did, can hardly judge him in the price he would pay for its ransom.

Those who have the pleasing fancy that there is little cost or risk in resolving society into its original elements, to make it over again at our will, are hardly capable of placing themselves at his point of view. They, too, may well be counted out, and with them would go the large majority of the North, who did not believe the danger real, or, if real, great,—who underrated the slave-power, in its capabilities and its purposes.

On the other hand, Mr. Everett is not to be confounded with those who were indifferent to the concessions proposed,—with that great number, far too great, who, first palliating slavery, then excusing it, passed at last to justification and sympathy. Whatever he may have said or thought, in youth, of our political relations with slavery,—when slavery was but a local institution, not justified but rather excused where it existed, and not suspected of looking to imperial power,—his opinions as to slavery itself, in its moral aspects, were never equivocal. His position was that of compromise, but not of ambiguity.

In 1853, at Washington, when he was Secretary of State, at the period of the most extreme sensitiveness and extravagant demands of the slave-power, he delivered an address before the Colonization Society, in which he controverted their fundamental principle with all the powers which he possessed. He urged that the negro must and could civilize Africa. He met the argument that the negro was not capable of self-government,—of

constructing and maintaining a civilized empire, — that he is essentially inferior and must be governed by the white, by saying, “I do not believe it.” He not only contended that, as a human being, the negro was substantially equal, but he drew proofs from all history, and discredited the assertion of his incapacity by showing that races had been enslaved and as degraded as the negro, yet had risen to be among the master-races of the globe. He wrote the biography of Abdul Rahaman, an African prince, a scholar, and a prince in manners, who, having been made captive in some disastrous battle and sold into slavery, was met, years afterwards, in the streets of a town in Tennessee, in the garb and duties of a slave,—a coincidence that would have seemed unnatural in fiction,—by an American citizen, who had been a guest at his father’s court when travelling in the interior of Africa. I scarcely know a clearer proof of what slavery is than the fact that neither by law nor by money, nor by persuasion, though multitudes joined in it, could this prince be rescued from bondage to a man who had paid for him on the auction-block. He was liberated it is true, at last, and returned to his native land, but after many years of effort, and not by any course for which the slave-system made provision.

I think Mr. Everett knew the nature of slavery, that he felt its injustice, and the deplorable consequences that must follow in its train. When he proposed to concede anything to it, he knew what he conceded. He knew why he conceded. He

weighed out the concessions scrupulously and painfully. He took no satisfaction in any of the compromises which had been or were to be made with it; still less did he ever treat them with levity, or profess to perform their duties with alacrity. He did not join the Democratic party, whatever the temptation, because he believed, — I speak of a fact of history, — I would not take advantage of my position to-day to wound the susceptibilities of any man, — because it was his belief that that party had become too much the ally of the slave-power. He preferred to be without a party. He looked over the whole field. He balanced vast moral considerations. For purposes which he understood, he was willing to make concessions which he appreciated.

Among men capable of understanding such vast questions, and whose objects are no other than the public good, the dividing line is not one of logic, but of temperament. It is, as Macaulay said of Whig and Tory at one time in England, a good deal a question of Natural History. Without undertaking to analyze and classify those qualities of Mr. Everett, physical and moral, which go to make up what we call, for convenience, the temperament, one cannot but be struck by the contrast between him and another statesman of Massachusetts, his near neighbor in birth and residence, — John Quincy Adams, — of whom Mr. Choate once playfully said, in the privacy of his study, what has passed into public biography, — “What an

antagonist he was! An instinct for the jugular and carotid artery equal to that of any of the carnivorous animals;" and whom Mr. Everett described as one whose natural place would have been at the weather yard-arm in a tempest, or leading the forlorn hope through the deadly imminent breach.

Mr. Everett is also fairly entitled to be judged as a peace man. I do not mean, in the formal and technical sense, but in spirit and in truth, a peace man. His weapons were the tongue and the pen. He knew that the tongue was a sharp sword, cutting deeper than the life of the body, and the pen an arrow, hurting past all surgery. He used these his weapons with the self-denial and the consideration of a true philanthropist. He believed that those who make war are as responsible as those who fight war, whether in private society or in the society of nations. He believed that the Christian benediction upon the peacemaker might fall upon many a man who, at the call of society and in a just cause, gasped out his life in the roar of battle, and yet be forfeited by those, who, drawing some formal distinction about the personal use of sword and musket, yet allow themselves to wield the weapons of the tongue and the pen in a spirit which, if not repressed in actual warfare, would carry it back to the days of barbarism. Cast your eyes over all he has written, recall whatever he has spoken, and tell me whether you find one word which affects his right to be judged, in spirit and in truth, as a man of peace.

Mr. Everett knew that wars were caused as often by estranged feeling as by actual wrongs; and it seemed to him that there was one chord of common sympathy between North and South which might yet be touched with some hope of success,—the common love and respect for the memory of Washington. He prepared a discourse upon the character of Washington, to be delivered throughout the country, in aid of the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon. As a rhetorical composition, adapted for declamation in public, by a master of elocution, it probably has not its superior in American literature. He spoke it in all parts of the country, north, south, east, and west, to the largest and most brilliant audiences, in all, no less than one hundred and twenty-nine times; obtaining, by the sale of tickets of admission, about \$50,000 for the benefit of the fund. What a splendid realization of the bright vision of his youth,—of a common language and extended education,—when we consider that this discourse has been heard by more men and women than ever listened to any one discourse by any one man, so far as we know, since the beginning of time!

The times were beyond the reach of such sedatives as this. But he had done what he could. He felt that he was standing between earnest and strong parties, and that his course was no longer popular, and was subjecting him to the suspicion of timidity and inadequate instincts and opinions. In an oration on the 4th of July, at Boston, in 1858, he said, "I know

that this has ceased to be a popular strain; but I willingly accept the unpopularity. I know that in certain quarters 'Union-saving' is treated with real or affected contempt. I am content to share in the ridicule attached to anxiety for the preservation of the Union." His tone at this period was always solemn, and not hopeful. In 1860, he accepted the nomination for Vice-President from a party organized upon a principle of compromise between the Republicans and the Democrats. He thought that the Democratic party had gone too far in allying itself with the slave-power, and that the Republicans were unreasonable in refusing all concessions. I do not think this nomination could have had much attraction for him, or that he had much hope of its success.

At length, the blow was struck; and not by us! The war was begun by the slave-power in rebellion. He took his position instantly. It was neither equivocal nor compromising. He threw the whole weight of his character, influence, and powers into the scale for the national life. He discarded all party connections; put at hazard life-long friendships; refused all criticisms on details of men and measures, military or civil; and gave to the administration a generous and thorough-going support. He urged the war—thorough, earnest war, with all the powers of war—for the preservation of the Union. As for slavery, while he would not strike a blow at that, under a pretence of military necessity, in violation of what is fundamental in our constitution,

yet, when the administration decided, in good faith, that such a military necessity did exist, he sustained both the authority and the policy of the government.

It has been said, very commonly, that in all this Mr. Everett had undergone a great change, that he had, in fact, made a revolution in his opinions. I do not so regard it. His course, the last four years, seems to me to have been the logical result of the convictions and purposes we have found possessing him forty years before, and up to the moment the war began. That same immense importance which he attached to the preservation of our system, not for pride nor for patriotism only, but for the good of the human race; that same belief in the reality and magnitude of the danger to the Union; that conviction that secession must be war, by which he had prepared his mind for the result, and was not taken by surprise; that same conviction of the military and political power of slavery; that same conviction that secession, acquiesced in or yielded to, was disintegration, was the end of our national system, and perilled the existence of the States themselves, and opened the flood-gates for all those consequences which he most feared and detested for human nature; that same conviction that war, dreadful as it is, may sometimes be just and necessary; all the convictions and purposes which inspired his tongue in youth and early manhood,—which persuaded him to concessions while there was a hope of averting the catastrophe,—these same convictions, when the war had begun, found him poised, collected,

unsurprised, satisfied in understanding and in conscience that the duty to preserve the Union was a paramount duty, that compromise with Secession was impossible, that the war must be fought through, to its end. He had no new reasons to give. His attempts to avert and to assuage may have been useless. That is matter of opinion. It is matter of opinion, too, whether they were wise or brave; but his course, when the catastrophe came, was consistent with his course from the beginning. The surgeon who sees that a capital operation may be necessary, but fears that it may be fatal to life, may put it off too long, and dally with palliatives worse than unavailing; but it would be a mistake of terms to call him inconsistent for using the knife resolutely when he sees it unavoidable.

I think, too, — many have thought, — that from the moment the point was reached beyond which slavery was no longer to be respected, Mr. Everett seemed to enter upon a new life. Whatever else the war had emancipated, it had emancipated him. He was no longer bound by obligations of compact, or law, or policy, to the slave-power. His tone recovered something of the cheer and elation of his youth. He seemed to cry, in the words of ancient Church for thousands of years, “*LAQUEUS CONTRITUS EST, ET NOS LIBERATI SUMUS.*”

In this war, he did not wait for conscription or for bounty. He enlisted at once in the only arm of the service for which his years had left him fitted. He felt, as he so touchingly said in his last public

words, at the meeting for the Savannah sufferers, in Faneuil Hall, "I am an old man. There is nothing of me left with which I can serve my country, except my lips." He felt that the understanding and conscience of the people must be satisfied on the subject of this war. He knew that false doctrines of State rights had been so fostered as to lead some to doubt our right to subdue a rebellion begun in the name of a State. He knew that party spirit, the blame of which lay on both sides, crippled the power of the government. He felt that long association with the slave-power and its leaders, in political party, had produced, in many, a latent sympathy which blinded them to the sin of the rebellion, and made them cold in their country's cause. He determined to devote whatever he had of eloquence, of logic, of learning, to the instruction and persuasion of the public mind and conscience; in his own words, in 1824, to "disdain mean conceptions, and speak a noble word which will touch the heart of a great people." He prepared a speech upon the character of the war. Its object was to show the sin of the rebellion, its unprovoked and causeless character; to show the necessity and rightfulness of the war, and to enforce the duty of a generous, self-sacrificing, earnest support of the government. This speech has never been printed. A few days since, I had the pleasure of holding the manuscript in my hand. It is written in his careful handwriting, and on the back he had noted the places and dates of its delivery. It was spoken first in Boston, on the 16th October,

1861, and then no less than sixty times in about thirty weeks. It is known that he was infirm in health, subject to sudden and painful attacks, peculiarly depressing when away from home and friends, and aggravated by journeyings. He was bowed also by domestic bereavement. Yet, through the long winter, in weariness and painfulness, in journeyings oft, and not without peril to life, he traversed the country upon his mission, speaking in nearly every large city not within the enemy's lines,—in Baltimore and Washington, in St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukie, Davenport, Dubuque, and at St. Paul, at the head-waters of the Mississippi. We can imagine his sensations when he, the orator of the Phi Beta in 1824, stood at the foot of the falls of St. Anthony, pleading the cause of his country, in the vernacular tongue, before a large and cultivated resident audience, where, twenty years after his Phi Beta Kappa address, nothing was to be seen but limitless prairies of the buffalo, forests of wolves, and an intersection of the war-paths of the Sioux and the Chippewas.

From the beginning of the war, Mr. Everett had carefully abstained from all party action. He said that if he could exert any influence, it must be independently of political party. But in 1864, when candidates had been named and purposes declared, he came to the opinion that the election was not a question of political party. He was convinced that the continuance of the administration, by the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, was, to all human view,

the only course for the preservation of the Union. He made one speech in Boston, again addressing himself, calmly and plainly, with an absence of all attempts at mere rhetorical effect, to the understanding and conscience of the people. On this question, no citizen of the republic had a position for influence like his. Not only did his age, distinction, experience, public services, and character command respect, but his previous course gave him a peculiar influence with that large class on the middle ground, not intrenched within the party lines, upon whose action the result so largely depended. This speech was widely circulated, and produced a great effect upon the class of persons to whom it was addressed. On the second Monday in November, he presided over the electoral college of Massachusetts, and certified its vote for Mr. Lincoln. This was the last official act of his life. ✓

Whatever difference of opinion may remain as to the Presidential election, I am persuaded that no loyal and patriotic man, looking at what Mr. Everett has done during the last four years, will refuse to join me in saying that, much as Mr. Everett owed to his country, he did not die in its debt.

His public official life had ended. But he answered to every call of benevolence and patriotism. He was selected to utter the national voice at the consecration of the cemetery at Gettysburg. He made an address at the opening of the fair for the seamen of the navy, in Boston. He welcomed the officers and the crew of the *Kearsarge*, at

Faneuil Hall. The loyal Tennesseans, among their valleys and mountains, will pass down his name with gratitude to children's children. After a day of labor, pressed with care, and so infirm in health that his absence might not only have been excused but justified, he would not, could not refuse, — a blessed instinct led him to speak at Faneuil Hall for the sufferers at Savannah; and so, the Cradle of Liberty received his last public utterance; so, he fitly rounded his life, ending, as he began, a preacher of the gospel of charity. It is touching to think that this man, who had stood before kings and people, and held the great arguments of public law and reasons of state, in the high places of the earth, at length and at last comes back to the uttering of those simple, primitive precepts which his mother had taught him at her knee.

It is time, more than time, that my voice should cease. Yet, may we not delay a moment, for the satisfaction of expressing our belief that the fame of Mr. Everett, as a speaker and writer, has been fairly earned and is firmly fixed? I do not see why it has not been as fairly earned as the painter, sculptor, poet, or composer earns his. The artist produces his statue or picture, the poet his lyric or epic, the composer his oratorio or symphony, submits it to the judgment of time, and abides the result. For fifty years, year by year, Mr. Everett has submitted orations, speeches, diplomatic letters, essays, and lectures to the judgment of his age, and abided the result. If that judgment has been

favorable to him, it cannot be attributed to fraud, accident, or surprise. His written and spoken style has been submitted to various tests,—the test of novelty and the test of familiarity; has been applied to great varieties of topics, in various places, and before two generations; and has survived the changes and chances of taste and opinion. That same written style, which at the first charmed this critical community, was found, after forty years, equal to a contest with the trained diplomatists of Europe, on the theatre of the Nations. That elocution, which in the freshness of its youth filled Brattle Street, its aisles, ay to its window-tops, and moved to a kind of ecstasy the select audiences at Cambridge, Concord, and Plymouth, was found, in its gray and bent age, equal—more equal than any other—to the exigencies of the most vast and momentous popular canvass the world ever saw. ✓

We will not pause to recall what is well known of his characteristics,—his memory, in quickness and tenacity fairly entitled to be called wonderful; his systematic habits; his love of the highest and best topics, men, and books; the singular purity of his life, the dignity of his manners, his decorous compliance with all the reasonable and many of the unreasonable demands of society, his reverent participation in Christian ordinances. Those who remember, in his address on the character of Washington, the loathing with which he describes Frederick the Great displaying at once his disbelief in the Christian

doctrine of the resurrection and his contempt for his species, by ordering his body to be buried with his dogs at Potsdam, can understand the sensibility with which he must have contemplated such a reverent Christian burial as has been accorded him by this community. At that, we take our leave of him. We cannot follow him further. But we may look into the vacancy, repeating his own words,—“After nature, after time, after life, after death, we reach those sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, where the philosophy of the mind awaits, at the foot of the Cross, a wisdom higher than its own.”

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF CAMBRIDGE,

ON THE DECEASE OF

EDWARD EVERETT.

DEATH OF EDWARD EVERETT.

AT a meeting of the City Council of Cambridge, January 18, 1865. the Mayor, Hon. J. WARREN MERRILL, made the following communication:—

CITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, January 18, 1865.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY COUNCIL: Since we last met, every mind has been startled and every heart saddened by the announcement of the sudden decease of one who was formerly a resident of our city, and whom we, in common with all our countrymen, delighted to honor.

The Hon. EDWARD EVERETT began his career as a public speaker within the walls of our honored University on the occasion of the visit of the noble Lafayette, and afterwards, as its President, added new lustre to its fair fame. During his residence with us he took a deep interest in our schools, and was ever the friend of popular education.

But it is not from considerations of local interest that we are called upon to honor his memory. The many eminent positions in the State and in the nation which he occupied and adorned, and the noble example of public and private virtue which he gave us, alike move us to love and respect his memory and to give expression to these feelings.

APPENDIX.

For many years he was engaged in political life, yet during all its strifes his opponents never questioned the purity of his motives; and the noble manner in which he came forward when traitors fired on the flag of the Republic, in support of "the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws," filled up the measure of his fame, and secured for him the homage and gratitude of every loyal and patriotic American.

I do not doubt that you will esteem it a privilege to take such action as will give expression to your feelings on this sad occasion, and I content myself with the suggestion, that, as his memory is, and will be in all the ages to come, associated with that of Washington, as his most eloquent eulogist, you provide for suitable public services before the citizens of Cambridge, on the 22d of February proximo, in honor of his memory.

Respectfully submitted,

J. WARREN MERRILL, MAYOR.

The foregoing communication having been read by the Mayor, the following order was adopted in the Board of Aldermen:—

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, January 18, 1865.

Ordered, That the communication of His Honor be sent to the other Board, and that Messrs. Choate and Carter, with such as the Council may join, be a committee to consider and report what action shall be taken by the City Government to testify their respect for the memory of the late Mr. Everett.

The order was adopted by the Common Council, in concurrence, and Messrs. Fuller, Sawyer, and Blanchard were joined on said Committee, on the part of that Board.

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The Committee retired, and, after a short time, submitted the following report and resolutions:—

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, January 18, 1865.

The Committee appointed to consider and report what action shall be taken by the City Government to testify their respect for the memory of the late Hon. Edward Everett, submit a partial report. They recommend that the accompanying resolutions be adopted by the two branches of the City Government, and ask for further time to consider what further action should be taken by the City in accordance with the suggestion of His Honor the Mayor.

C. F. CHOATE,

For the Committee.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Since the last meeting of the City Council, the Hon. Edward Everett, for many years an honored citizen of Cambridge, has departed this life, deeming it due to the City and to themselves to enter upon the records of the City their deep sense of gratitude for his example and his life, and their grief for the loss which they, in common with the Commonwealth and the nation, have sustained in his decease in the maturity of his great powers and the fulness of his usefulness:

Resolved, That the City Council of the City of Cambridge, gratefully recognizing the services of the deceased in all the high stations he was called to fill,—his spotless life, his varied learning, his matchless eloquence, his comprehensive patriotism, his philanthropic labors for suffering humanity, which have made his name and memory a precious heirloom of the nation,—share in the universal sorrow for a loss so irreparable.

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Resolved, That the City Council count it a peculiar honor to the City of Cambridge that, for so large a portion of Mr. Everett's life, his home was within its borders, and remember and appreciate his ready services in the cause of public education in the City and his deep interest in its welfare.

Resolved, That His Honor the Mayor be requested to cause the flags on all the public buildings to be raised at half-mast, and the bells in the churches of the City to be tolled, on the day of the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions and of the communication of His Honor the Mayor be sent to the family of the deceased, to manifest to them the heartfelt sympathy of the people of Cambridge in their bereavement.

The foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted by both branches of the City Council.

A copy of the same was sent to the family of the deceased, and the following communication was received from Mr. William Everett:—

BOSTON, January 23, 1865.

The family of Mr. Everett have received the certified copy of the resolutions passed by the City Council of Cambridge, and desire me to express how much they have been touched and gratified by the words of sympathy and affection from a city so long the home of their father, and so constantly the object of his interest and care.

With great respect,

WILLIAM EVERETT.

At the regular meeting of the City Council, Feb. 1, 1865, Alderman Choate submitted the following report:—

APPENDIX.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, February 1, 1865.

The Committee to whom was referred the communication of His Honor the Mayor, recommending public services on the 22d day of February by the City Government, in commemoration of the life and services of the late Hon. Edward Everett, have considered the subject and respectfully report:

That in their opinion it is expedient and proper, in view of the relation subsisting for so many years between the City of Cambridge and the deceased, and the high estimation in which he was held by the people of Cambridge, that such public services should be held by the City Government as suggested, and that Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., be requested to deliver an address on that occasion, and recommend the passage of the following order.

For the Committee,

C. F. CHOATE, CHAIRMAN.

The order which accompanied the foregoing report was as follows:—

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, February 1, 1865.

Ordered, That His Honor the Mayor, and Messrs. Choate and Carter, with such as the Common Council may join, be a committee to make all necessary arrangements for the celebration of the 22d of February by the City Government, by public services and an address commemorative of the late Edward Everett.

The order was adopted by the Common Council, in concurrence, and the President of the Council, and Messrs. Merrill, Towne, and Blanchard were joined on the Committee, on the part of that Board.

On the 22d of February a procession was formed at the City Hall, and moved to the First Church, under the escort of the three Cambridge companies of unattached militia, where the address of Mr. Dana was delivered in presence of the City Council and a large number of invited guests and citizens of Cambridge.

APPENDIX.

At the regular meeting of the City Council, February 22, 1865, the following order was unanimously adopted:—

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, February 22, 1865.

Ordered, That the thanks of the City Council be, and hereby are, tendered to Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., for his interesting and eloquent address upon the life and services of the late Edward Everett, delivered this day before the City Government, and that the Mayor be requested to ask of Mr. Dana a copy of the address for publication.

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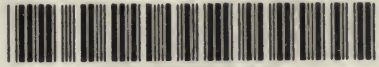
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